

Unashamed Heat

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Unashamed Heat

by [Silvaxus](#)

Summary

02. Voyeurism / **Rimming** / Body Swap

Walking around your own home naked was the only helpful solution against this kind of heat and when your house was in the middle of nowhere, Virginia, it shouldn't be a problem after all.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble [Imoshen](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

One of the things you do when you are used to being alone at home is walking around buck naked after a shower because...why care? A pack of dogs doesn't care, and it was warm enough anyway. Summer had Maryland and Virginia gripped tight between its claws and it was weekend, time to relax, shower more often than was good for one's skin but it was warm enough that even the dogs rather stayed put than played around.

Walking around your own home naked was the only helpful solution against this kind of heat and when your house was in the middle of nowhere, Virginia, it shouldn't be a problem after all.

One would think that guests would either call ahead or knock when they plan to visit you but when Will walked into his living room, he found no one else but Doctor Hannibal Lecter standing there.

They stared at each other silently and with Hannibal dressed in loose linen clothes which looked more expensive than Will's whole wardrobe.

Will knew he should feel embarrassed because he was standing naked in his living room, except for the towel he was using to rub his hair dry, while his not official therapist was in the room.

Lowering his arms, Will held onto the towel but made no move to cover his nakedness.

"I wasn't expecting guests today."

Will looked at Hannibal, whose eyes wandered from Will's face downwards in a rather obvious way.

"That, I can see."

Will could hear what Hannibal said and what he didn't say... *and more so*.

Despite Hannibal's unsaid words, Will felt neither embarrassed nor the urge to cover himself. He was comfortable with himself a way Will rarely felt even when clothed.

"Anything I can help you with?"

Hannibal looked up again and met Will's gaze with a heat in his dark eyes that almost forced Will to take a step back, almost.

"I think I should say that you getting dressed would a good start but...I appreciate the sight of Will Graham without his protective layers of armor...and the stuff you call aftershave."

Ah, the ship in the bottle stuff.

"There is hardly any need when I don't have plans to be around people today."

“That, I can see.”

Even with Hannibal repeating himself that words that ended up unsaid were different this time.

“And I want to see some more.”

Licking his lips, Will only realized that he was doing it when Hannibal’s gaze darkened and more unsaid words suddenly appeared between them.

“That’s something I want to do...and even more.”

Something between a hot flush and a cold shiver hit Will like a train and the next words left his mouth without further thinking.

“Then do it.”

The force with which Hannibal came for him made Will stagger back and he hit something with his arm but Hannibal showed a surprising strength and pulled Will against his chest while he sealed Will’s mouth with a bruising kuss.

Groaning against the heat Will could feel through the linin, he could already feel sweat forming on his skin, again, but this time from a heat of completely different origin.

Grabbing Hannibal’s sides, Will rubbed his already prominent erection against Hannibal’s thigh. Hannibal, meanwhile, licked the sweat off Will’s shoulder while pushing Will in the direction of the bedroom.

When Will’s back hit the bed, all air was forced from his lungs in a rush but before Will could even find his voice, Hannibal was on him and arranged Will’s all too willing body to his own liking.

Will found himself kneeling on the floor, upper body spread out on the bed with Hannibal an unyielding force behind him. Hannibal pushed Will’s legs apart to make room for himself. Only the huffed breaths Will could hear from Hannibal gave him the assurance that Hannibal was as affected as he was.

The next sound that left Will’s lips was a broken noise when he felt Hannibal’s wet tongue lap at his hole.

Never before had anyone done this to Will and his mind went in a completely different direction than his body.

Will held onto the the thin sheets, rubbed his face against them while sounds left his mouth he was sure had never made before whereas Hannibal Lecter seemed to make it his goal to make Will losse his mind completely.

The part of Will's mind that never stopped working for law enforcement screamed at Will to make Hannibal stop and to remember whom he was allowing to touch him like this. One shouldn't allow a serial killer, one who like to eat his victims, to eat him out but...the pleasure was too consuming, too new and raw to care and so Will allowed no one else but the Chesapeake Ripper to eat him out like he was the best thing in the world.

It was exactly the feeling Hannibal was offering him; Hannibal's whole focus, his whole attention with the ultimate goal to shatter Will's mind into a myriad of shards only to put him back together to his own liking.

When Hannibal pushed his tongue past the tight and sloppy muscles of Will's hole, he was glad that he had washed himself thoroughly earlier because this was...pleasure in its purest form.

There was no way to hold onto the sounds that wanted to spill from his mouth and every broken sound earned a reward from Hannibal with a new bold stroke of his tongue or his hands tugging on Will's balls.

It seemed to go on forever but when Hannibal pulled back and growled at Will for lube, Will felt trapped between pleasure and loss and he just pointed at the drawer next to his bed.

When moments later Hannibal finally thrust in, Will felt whole in a way he had never felt before.

End Notes

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